

S O N N E T X X V I I I .



O BE my labours endless In their turns.  
Turn ! turn, PARTHENOPHE ! Turn, and  
relent! Hard is thine heart, and never will  
repent! See how this heart within my body  
burns ! Thou see'st it not! and therefore  
thou rejournes My pleasures ! Ill my days  
been overspent. When I beg grace, thou  
mine entreaty spurns; Mine heart, with hope  
upheld, with fear returns. Betwixt these  
Passions, endless Is my fit,  
Then if thou be but human, grant some pity!  
Or if a Saint ? sweet mercies are their meeds  
! Fair, lovely, chaste, sweet spoken, learned,  
witty; These make thee Saint-like ! and  
these, Saints befit: But thine hard heart  
makes all these graces, weeds!

S O N N E T X X I X .



JLESS still the myrrh tree, VENUS ! for  
thy meed I For to the weeping myrrh, my  
Tears be due. Contentious winds, which did  
from TITAN breed ! The shaking Aspine tree  
belongs to you : To th' Aspine, I bequeath my  
ceaseless Tongue! And PHCEBUS, let thy  
laurels ever flourish! To still-green laurel, my  
Loves do belong\* Let mighty JOVE, his oak's  
large branches nourish ! For to strong oak,  
mine Heart is consecrate. Let dreadful PLUTO  
bless black heben\* tree! To th' Heben, my  
Despair Is dedicate. And Naiads, let your  
willows lovM be ! To them, my Fortunes still  
removed be. So shall my tears, tongue.  
Passions never cease; Nor heart decay, nor  
my despair decrease.